

Period drama soapghost

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Category:

[M/M](#)

Fandom:

[Call of Duty \(Video Games\)](#)

Relationship:

[John "Soap" MacTavish/Simon "Ghost" Riley](#)

Character:

[John "Soap" MacTavish](#), [Simon "Ghost" Riley](#), [John Price \(Call of Duty\)](#), [Kyle "Gaz" Garrick](#)

Additional Tags:

[Alternate Universe - Historical](#), [Fanart](#), [Masturbation](#)

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[English](#)

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Period drama soapghost

by [yourvaliants](#)

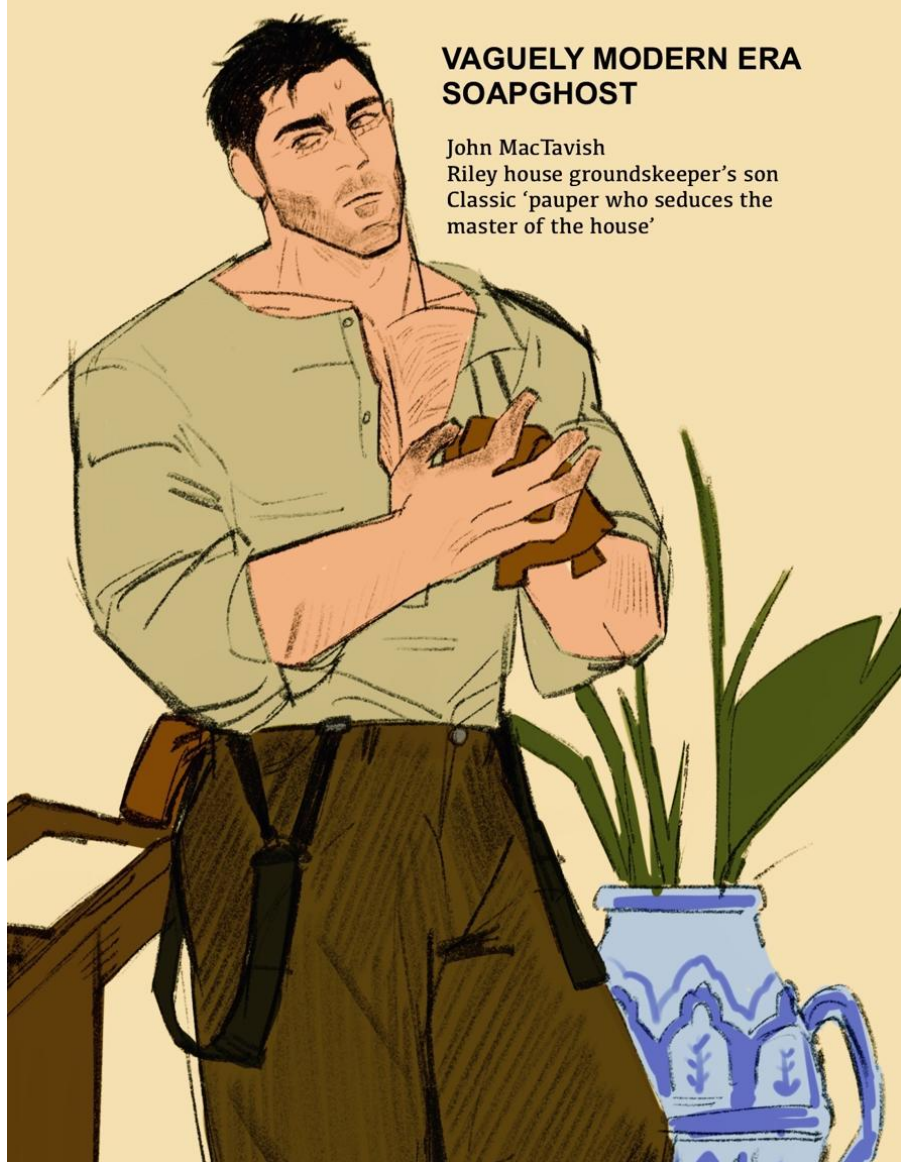
Summary

A soapghost vaguely turn-of-the-century AU, posted here for easier reading as requested

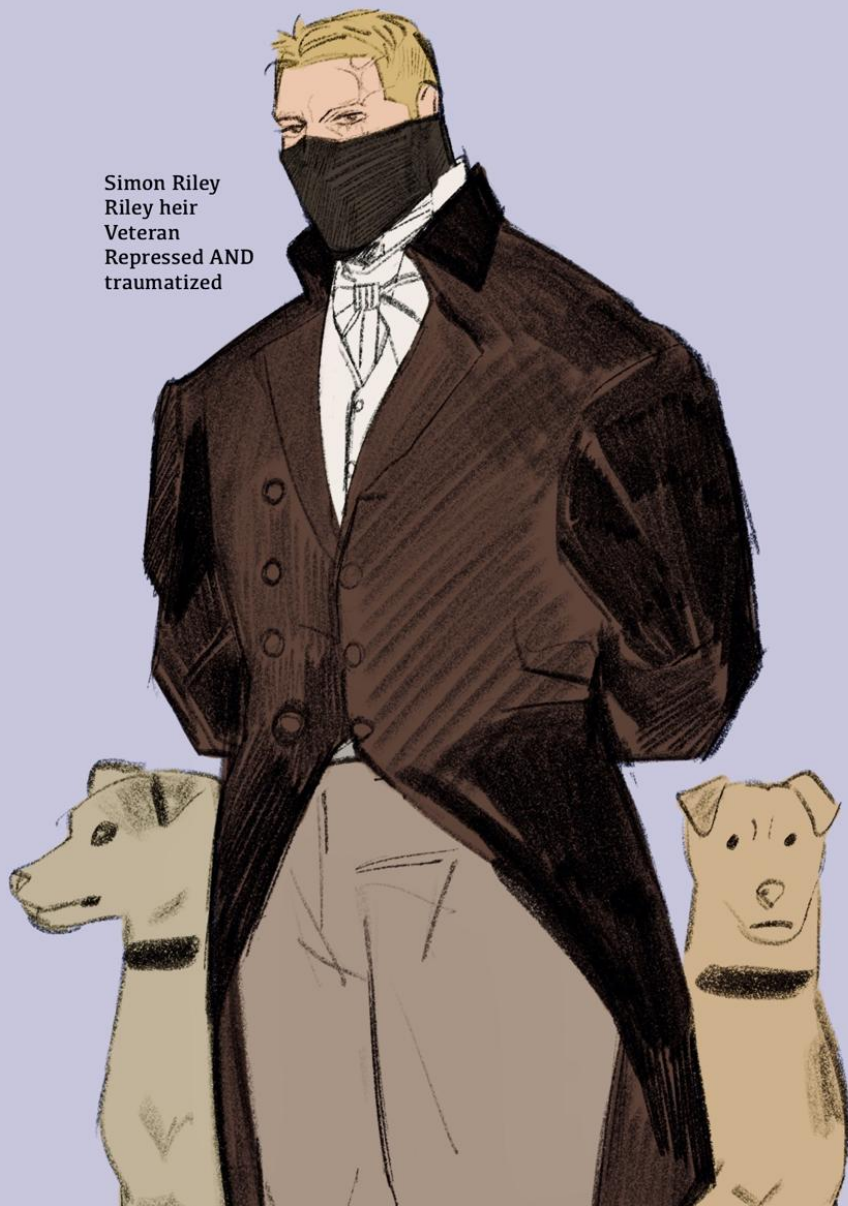
Chapter 1

VAGUELY MODERN ERA SOAPGHOST

John MacTavish
Riley house groundskeeper's son
Classic 'pauper who seduces the
master of the house'



Simon Riley
Riley heir
Veteran
Repressed AND
traumatized







This is hardly proper grooming for the keeper of the house

Come to my rooms later for a shave.

Aye, sir





Should ye be doon here
with our kind, sir?




What would
people think?

I go where I please,
MacTavish.









Git on, John,

Mr. Simon is due early and he's arriving today from America


Whot?!

He's the new lord of the household now that his father's died, and he's come home to claim it


The whole house is awake to prepare

Hasn't been here since he was barely a man, when his mother and young master Thomas passed


escaping to Cambridge then the war, the poor thing...




The bastard's
hardly poor, is he




Whisht and wash
yer face, he'll want
to meet the staff



Mam, you realize am no
actually employed, he'll
kick me oot



Then ye better
meet him on yer
knees, beggin'



Left his own work in the
city to come help out when
dad got hurt, never left



Welcome home Mr. Riley





First impressions

John MacTavish, sir.
My father's been the estate's
groundskeeper for 20 years,
and my mother its charlady



I know them,

and what are you doing here



Nothing.
I'm just visiting



Is that right.
And for how long



(terrified)

...(joking) Is there
something on my face?



(serious) Not at all, sir.

Eyes up, then



I remember when I was
small the door to this
office would creak

from all the slamming

Who mended it?



And the left front gate would always drag itself into the dirt when it opened

it's fixed now.

What about the walls along the south hills, Mr. MacTavish could hardly move those stones on his-

Sir-

I can fix anything, if ye just point me to it.

I've kept your gardens alive this long despite the late Lord Riley's indifference

My da's gettin on, and I only wish to ease his work, and I'm-

I'm good.

We'll see how good



Did you serve?



Briefly.



Well no need to stand
like you still do

At ease



...it's the most beautiful thing I ever touched



And I'd do anything to keep your horses and livestock happy.



...you too if you'd let me.



That'll do.





TAP

TAP

TAP





The shipment's not due
for another week, sir

At this rate, we'll h... to
op...n with...





Crossing Lines

Intel

He's a fright, like his old man

I hear he keeps a knife and
pistol at his bed table

Why?

The war made him sick,
I've 'eard of it





Defields (footman) has heard him thrashing about, screaming bloody murder one night

Then there's the cloth covering half his face



Torture wounds under there surely

Haven't got enough
work, lads?



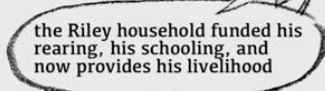
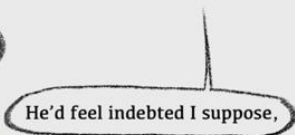


You should be attending more to your social life, Simon

The Riley name is still listed in the gentry, though a little fallen in your absence



What about the upcoming ball at Garrison's?





You should watch your step,
got quite the mouth on him

Has he?

Yes, heard him cussin' out half
the service for ruining a couple
deer carcass in transport

Barely in english

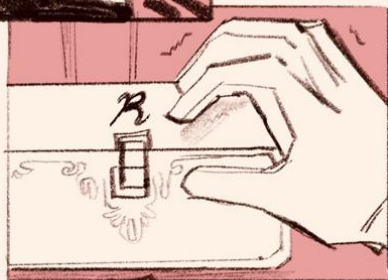


...



Heavens.

I'd like to see that







'Morning Mr. Riley

... 'Morning

I need a horse

One that doesn't spook easy

Aye, sir

I believe Ghost here
should do you nicely











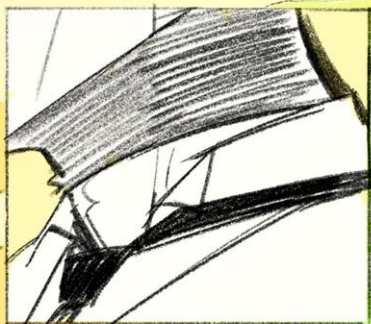


Forbidden fruit

Roll me one









Revelations

Long day



Fuck-



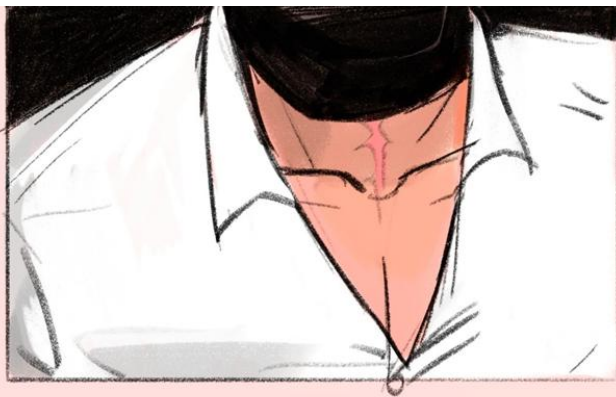


H
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Hh,

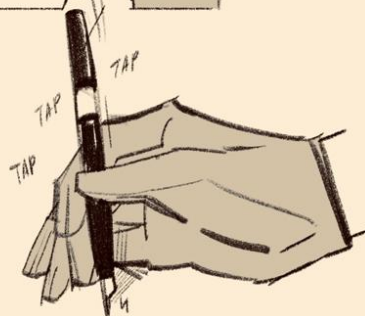


LICK

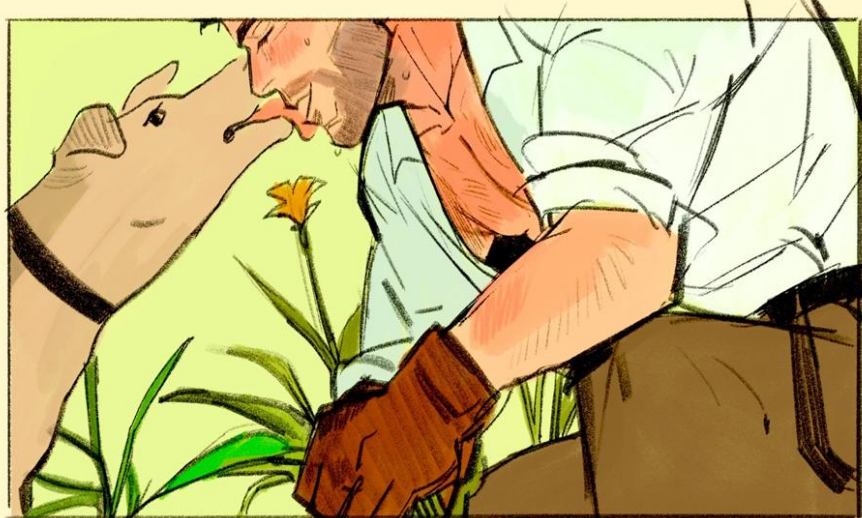


All that skin, and for what

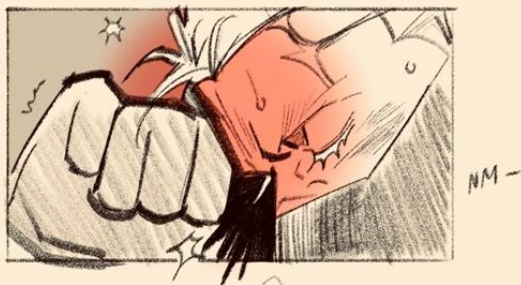
Distractions











Prospects

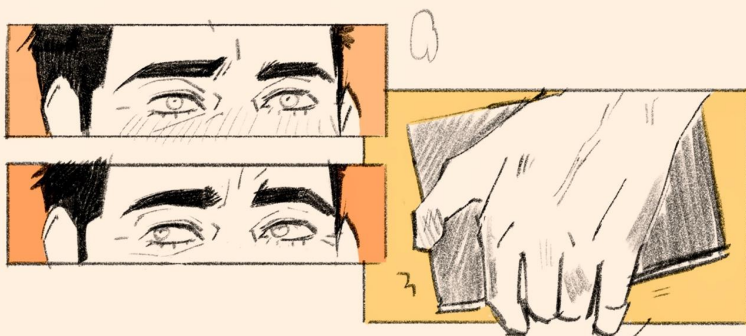
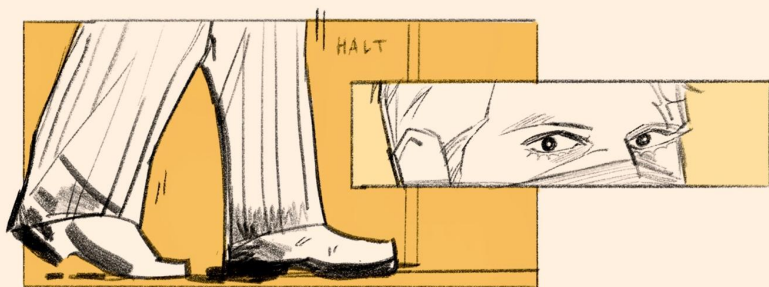














Delusions



Belle of the ball



Where on earth do you keep looking?



For an exit.

Very nice

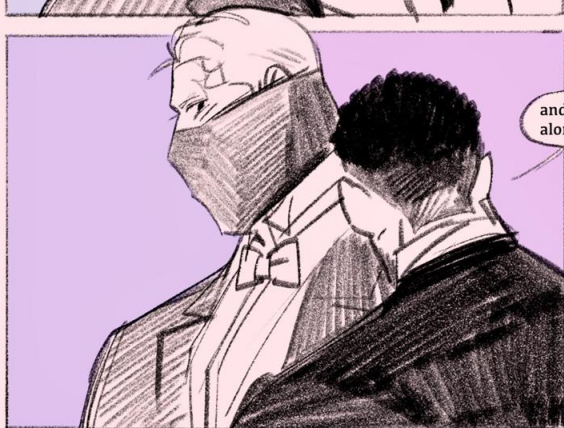
I know you're annoyed,
by the small talk,

by talk of your-
prominent eligibility,
god forbid

And I know you care
nothing of your line of
succession,

but give a care for the
latter half of your life -

and the thought of spending it
alone, in that house you hate.







Apologies, sir,
that was no my place

Earlier too, donno
what came over me,

won't happen aga-

Johnny,

GRASP





Poker face

Chapter Summary

(forgot to upload this...)

Prompt from @mistertiberius on tumblr:

I was wondering how Ghost might react if a lord visited and noticed Soap, proceeding to try and talk Ghost into letting them hire Soap (which would take him away, obviously). I know that Soap would turn the offer down, but I was just wondering how Ghost might respond to such a thing since he's pining after Soap (and vice versa).

Lord Tiberius said he was impressed with
your landscaping, when he was here

Did he?

Asked after you,
wants to employ you





I'd write a decent reference

No you woon't

House wouldnae stand
a day without me
(you like me too much)



You want a raise for it?
(for staying)

...



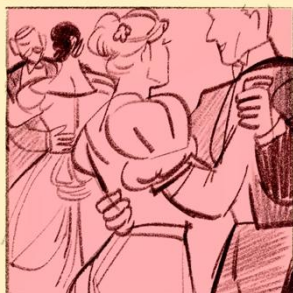
Dreaming

Daydream



You will no want for volunteers
downstairs to go to town with ye





Do you dance?



I love to dance



My sisters used me as rehearsal all my life

Where are they now

Married off



How do they like it?

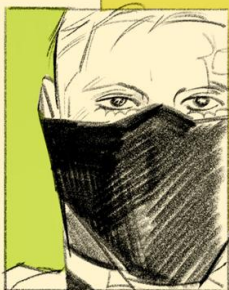


They like it fine



There's love there, friendship, makes it easier

And children, the wee rascals...



Sounds nice.



Are ye thinking on it?
(marriage, children)



It has crossed my mind, as late.
(longterm companionship)





A ball! Here? Truly?

Mr. Simon says the whole house can attend,

IF they're not working

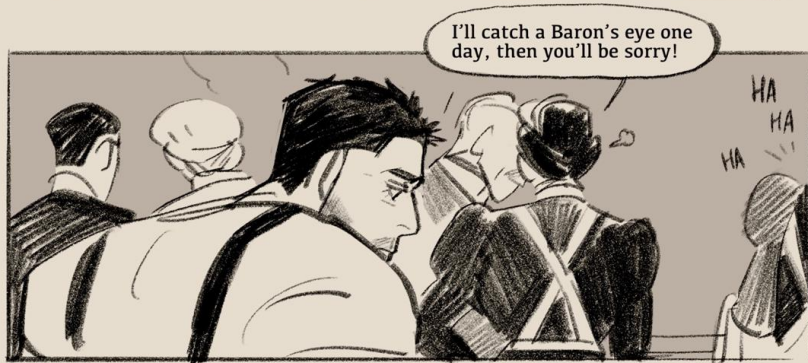
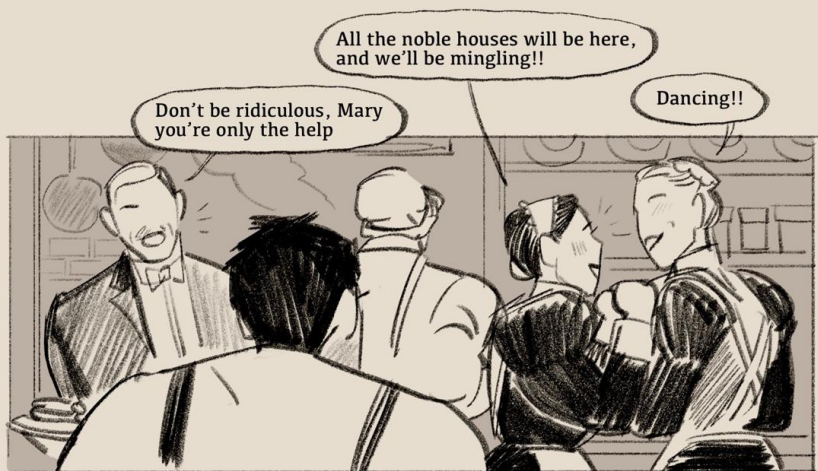
He says we can switch off stations!

And then when the guests have gone, he says we can leave off the cleaning til the day after, and have our own ball!

We were never allowed to have a party before!

What a change of pace







All eyes will be on eligible master Simon

Whichever highborn lady wraps him up will be the winner of the night,



and we'll be answering to her in a month's time

OOOH~

GIGGLE

HA HA
HA



JOHN?

Ball

Ball at Riley House



Miss Devonshire looks positively marvelous with him, no?



A perfect match





He's only danced with her once,
Miss Windham has hogged him for two!



Afterparty





Won't you dance

the house
won't have to
be up til late



Daydreamed enough,
certainly...



MacTavish.







You clean up well.

...

Yoore bonny in a little
mess yerself, sir



REACH



Ha,

TOUCH

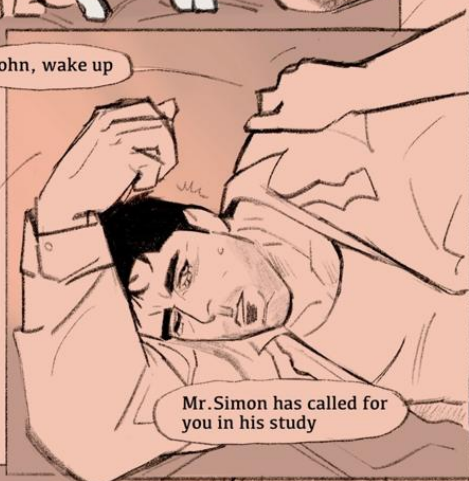


Proposition

Morning after



John, wake up




Mr. Simon has called for
you in his study


Shit...



Hurry noow, and
bring his book

A man with dark hair and a light-colored jacket is shown from the chest up. He is looking down and to the left, pulling on a strap or handle with both hands. The background is a solid light brown color.

I'll be back to sort the coach house.

A man with dark hair and a light-colored jacket is shown from the chest up. He is looking down and to the right, with his right hand pressed against his forehead. He appears to be in distress or pain. The background is a solid light brown color.

Oh John, what have you done..

Something bad

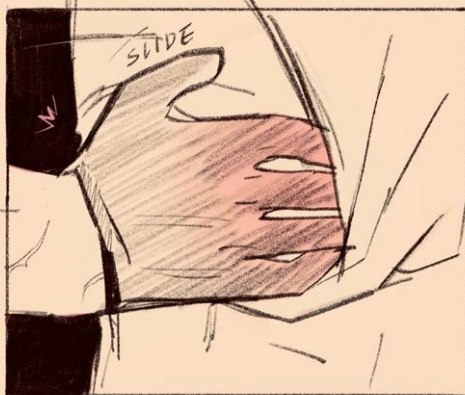






???!!!

Shall I lead, or will you









Pardon me, Lord Riley-



Fuck,

g'day sir-

Hah-



Wait,







Cooling off



ZING-

ZING-

(Cicadas going OFF)

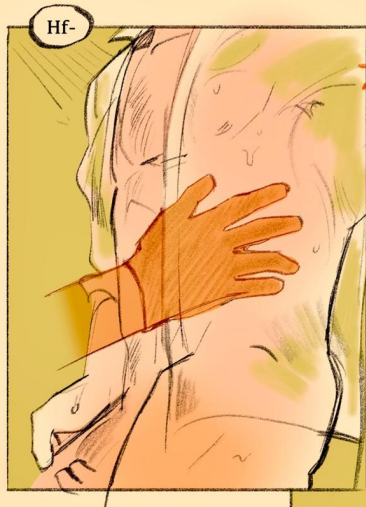


ZING-



Hh

Ffuck, go doon

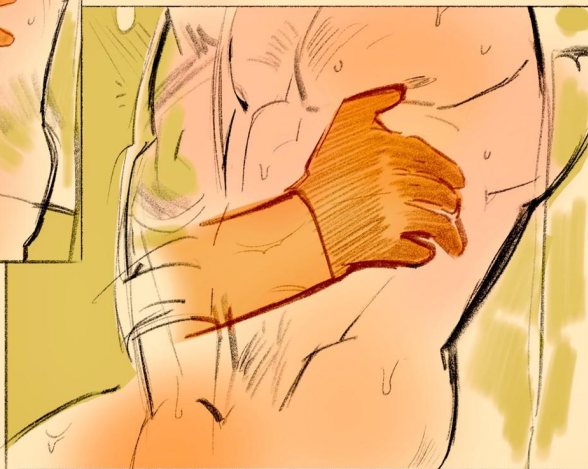


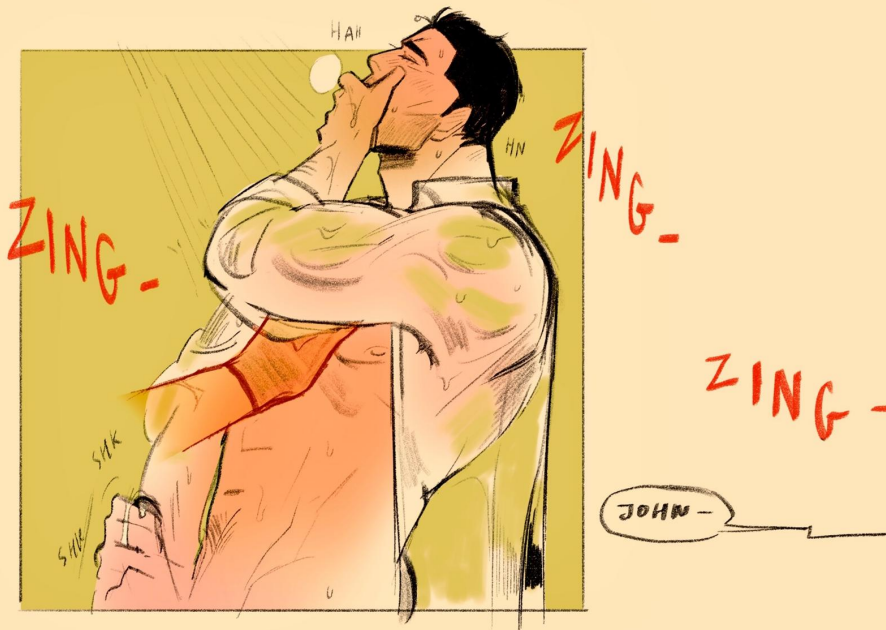
Hf-

ZING -

Hah, fuck—

ZING —



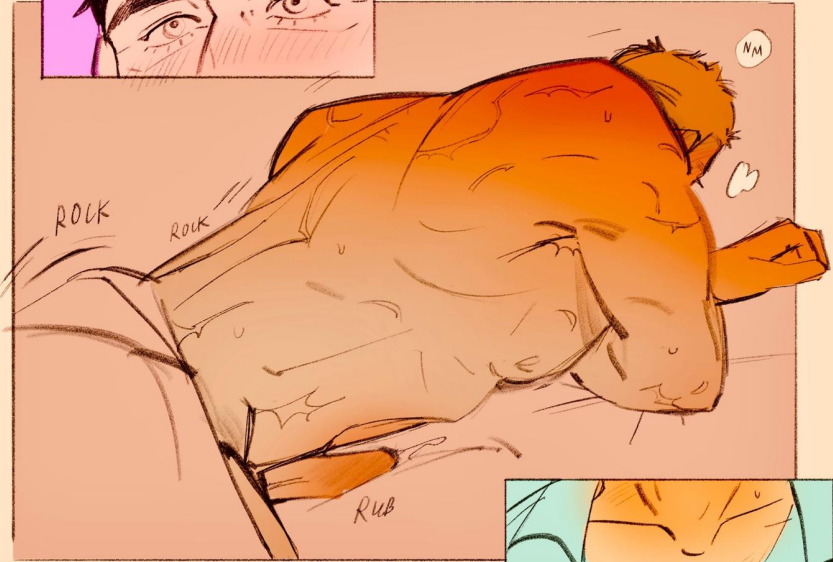


Sleepless



FLIP







GOD,
DO I
WANT
THIS



HAH

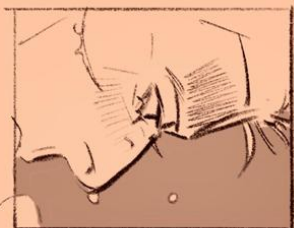
AH



BRR

NNN

SPURT

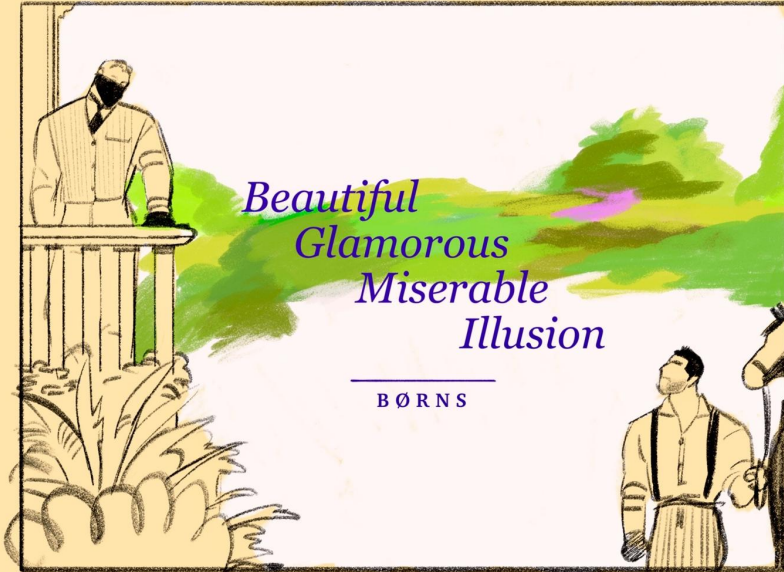


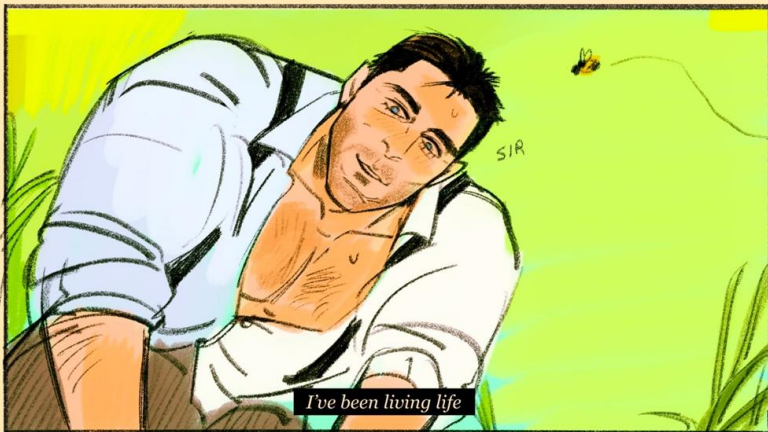
Fuck, me.

Music break

Chapter Summary

Some drawings from tumblr asks





People were very worried Soap was living in a barn, but Soap lives in a cabin on the grounds with some livestock:



People sent delish imagines about Soap getting sick:





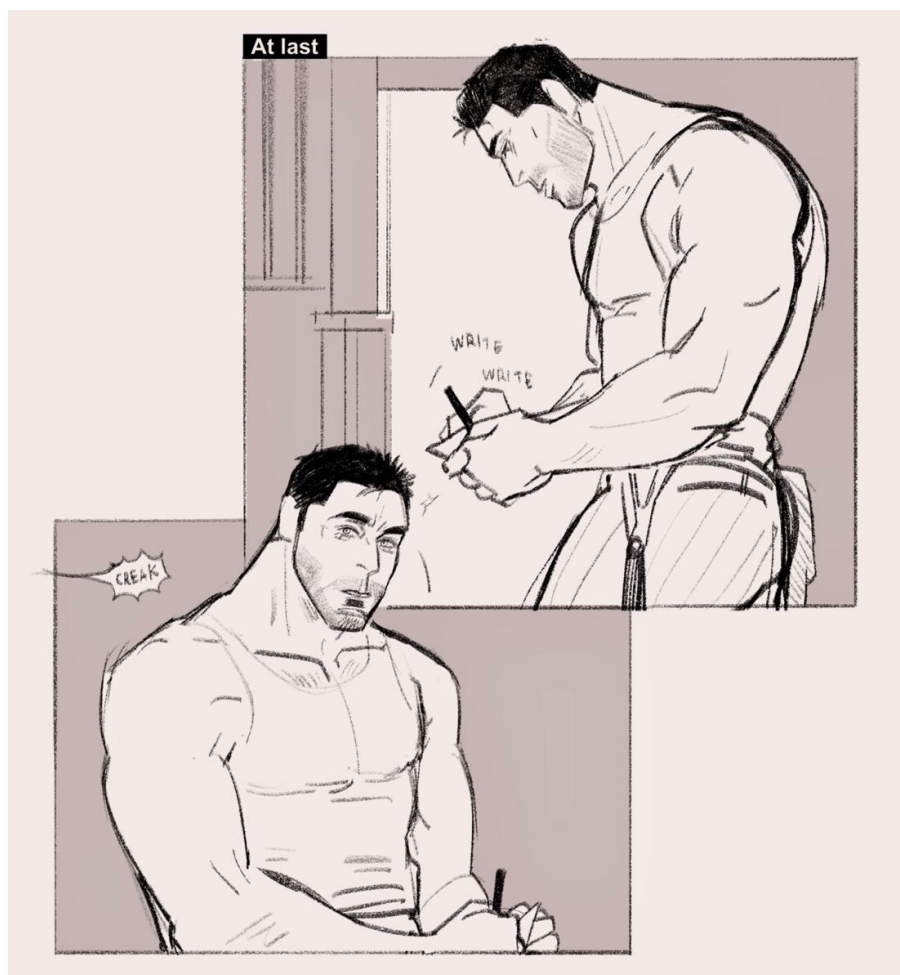
Right away, sir







Giving in



You heere for Ghost, sir?

No

D'ye need a carriage

No.

...









Ha,

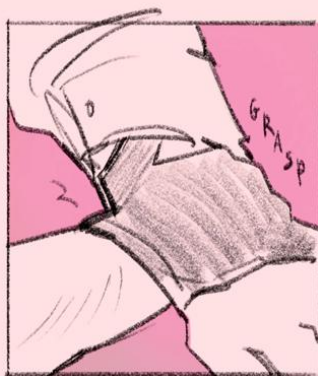
Need you on me—



Hah-f

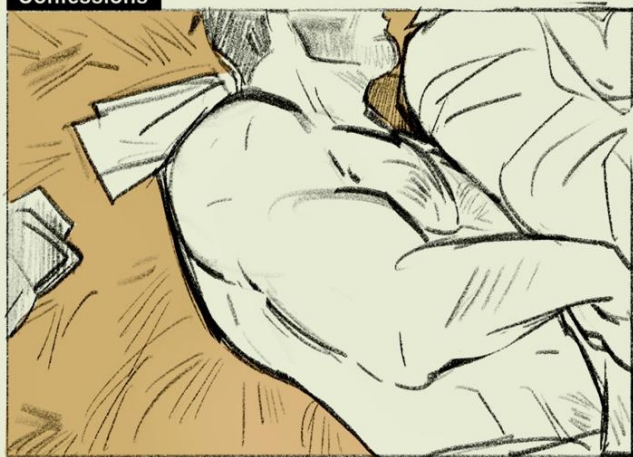


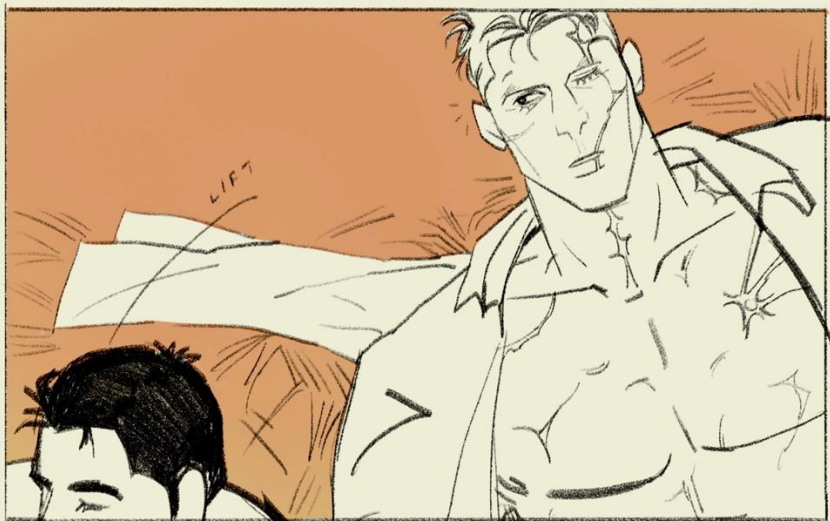
SPIN



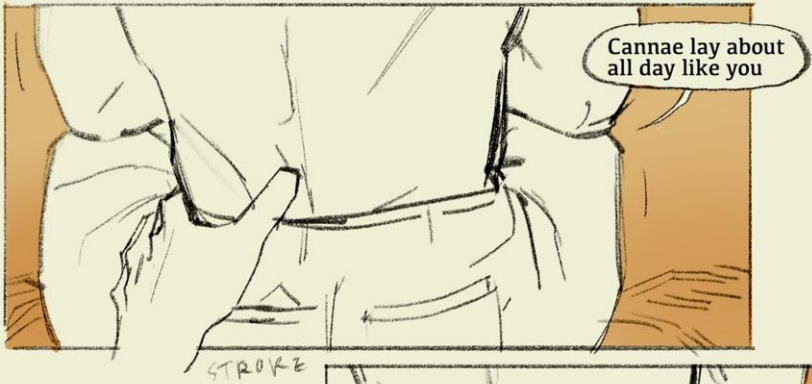
Hah, yessir-



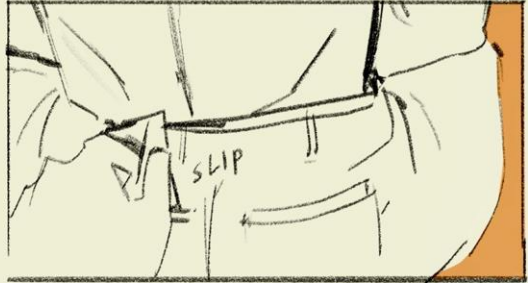








STROKE



SLIP



...“Because I still live, if I speak-”

Doon't—




*Because I still live,
if I speak my desire*



*BECAUSE I STILL LIVE,
I SPEAK MY DESIRE
FEAR IT
ME TO ACT
WRITE IT: AS IF
TO YOU, FI*

*I fear it will bolden me
to act, so I will write it
as if dead:*



I long for you, Simon

*Every second I'm
awake I wish to do
depraved things to you,*

*and say worse into
your mouth,*

*childish, wanton things
you'd laugh at.*

*I'm not sane
around you,
useless,*

*like a soldier
with no orders,*

*that god himself
would put out of
misery.*

*It's not right. I leave
for London tonight,
please—*



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